

A Great Dramatic Love Story Next Week! "A Strange Girl," by Albert W. Aiken, Author of "The Wolf Demon," "Overland Kit," etc., etc.

# NEW YORK Saturnalia A POPULAR PAPER

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Vol. III.

E. F. Beadle,  
William Adams, PUBLISHERS.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 9, 1872.

TERMS IN ADVANCE

One copy, four months, \$1.00.  
One copy, one year, 3.00.  
Two copies, one year, 5.00.

No. 139.

### AUTUMN.

BY A. P. M., JR.

Merrily, merrily over the lea,  
Birds of beauty their warbles pour,  
Harp's music in airs of glee,  
Seasons whose flowers so rich and fair,  
Sweetens incense waltz on the breeze—  
Mellowly fold  
Those skies of gold  
Over the earth so ripe and fair,  
Gently fan with thy dewy breeze!  
Cheerfully fall the leaves,  
Rustling amid the aisles of boughs:  
Sweet the spell that magical weaves  
For fair Nature her yellow crown.  
Queen of the months of russet hue,  
Tasteful hooded shades so gay—  
Peaches of Dreams—  
Kissed in hush gleams—  
Welcome the days of russet hue,  
Autumn of tints so bright and gay!  
Woo the lowliness ope'd above—  
Beauties of earth with their hue-blend tips;  
Draughts of elixir, dreams of love,  
Face of my mother's decorated lips.  
Queen of Autumn's bloom—  
Bloom the rarest that earth can know!—  
Portals are wide  
To flow thy tide;  
Heaven is here when thou art come,  
Queen of smiles with thy gemful brow!

### Death-Notch, the Destroyer;

### THE SPIRIT LAKE AVENGERS.

BY OLL COOMES.

AUTHOR OF "HAWKEYE HARRY," "BOY SPY,"  
"IRONSIDES, THE SCOUT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

A VOICE FROM THE FLAMES.

The deep-laid plan for the surprise and massacre of the Lake Avengers, by Red Elk and his warriors, proved a decided failure, and when he found his enemies had escaped, his savage fury knew no bounds.

To have attempted to follow the whites then would have been an act of folly in violation of an Indian's usual precaution. He suspected the Avengers had not only outwitted them, but had laid a trap for their destruction. So he resolved to stay on the island till morning, then take up the trail of the enemy, and follow. So guards were posted on each side of the island, the one that stood on the upper side taking his position on the raft.

Owing to the circular form of the island, and the willows upon it, the guards were unable to see each other from their posts; neither could they be seen by their friends from the center of the island.

Red Elk being beyond rifle range of either shore, ordered a fire lighted. He wished to hold a consultation with his warriors, and wanted a light by which to read the expression of each one's face, and note the impression that his eloquence would have upon them. So, in obedience to his desire, a fire was built upon the large, flat stone in the center of the little sand opening.

Some of the warriors now filled the bows on the head of their tomahawks with tobacco, and began to smoke, while others threw themselves in listless, lounging attitudes upon the sand.

Half an hour passed in silence, then Red Elk spoke. Every warrior rose to a sitting posture and assumed an attentive air.

"Braves of the great Sioux, and followers of Red Elk," the chief began, with all the dignity and eloquence that he could master, but at this juncture there was heard a low groan at the upper side of the island, followed by two dull, sodden blows, and the oration came to an abrupt termination.

Grasping his tomahawk, every warrior glided away in the direction from whence the sound had come, but when the upper side of the island was reached, all was silent as the grave. Upon the raft, however, a fearful sight met their eyes. The guard was hanging head downward, over the edge of the raft, dead. His head was scalped, and across his cheek was a deep gash. By his side a fresh notch was cut on one of the logs!

It was the token of Death-Notch, the young Scalp-Hunter.

A yell of terror burst from the red-skins' lips. They leaped upon the raft and began searching it over for the terrible foe. But, to their surprise, the logs passed and began floating away, compelling them to beat a hasty retreat back to the island. The wretches that bound the logs together had been cut asunder by the young Scalp-Hunter, with the intention, no doubt, of destroying their chance of escape from the island, without taking to the water.

The doubly defeated savages had not a doubt but that Death-Notch had made good his escape from the island; nevertheless, they made a hasty search for him, but in vain.

Stung to fury, they gathered around their camp-fire again. New fuel was added to the flames. The light leaped out in strong, red beams, and fell with a lurid glow across the grim, demoniac faces of the savages.

Red Elk was the sole embodiment of rage. His expedition, that at first promised so fruitful, was proving a wretched failure. He addressed his warriors in a fierce eloquence, every word of which added new fuel to the fire of their revengeful hearts. It was some time before the storm subsided. Then, with malignant scowls, they all bent their eyes upon the fire, as if actuated by a single impulse.

Then they start. A low groan issues from the very depths of the crackling flame. It is human, and seems to call the savages took to the river, and swim-

ming ashore, fled away into the forest with absolute terror.

Appalled, the savages start back. Another groan issues from the fire. A column of sparks float upward, wavering and crackling in the currents of air.

The savages start to their feet—recoil.

"It is well, fiends," shrieks a hollow, ghost-like voice.

The burning fagots leap and dance in the fire. The flame wavers and splutters spitefully. Sparks, millions of sparks, float upward.

The red-skins stand aghast. A spirit was within the fire. It spoke, and crackling flames and snapping sparks were breathed forth.

The red warriors grow bolder. They now advance closer to the fire and begin circling around it, gazing with starting eyes into the flame. They see nothing. Mysterious terror fills their hearts.

"Red-skins, why do you stare at me?" the voice came from the fire. "I am the spirit that will consume you when Death-Notch has hung your scalps at his girdle. I am angry. I tremble."

The fagots begin to leap and quiver on the stone. The flame wavers and the light flickers and flashes. Smoke and sparks float upward.

The savages stand paralyzed with terror.

Red Elk has no power of eloquence to break that fearful spell, for he, too, is rooted to the spot with mysterious awe.

At length there is calm. The flame gathers strength, and the light flares out on the painted, terrified faces around it.

A minute passed.

Again the sparks begin to rise from the fire, and the flame to quiver. The spirit was moving within it. Then there was a sudden crash, and the air was filled with flying firebrands, red-hot coals and hissing sparks. In every direction had the campfire been hurled, right and left, into the very faces of the red-skins; then all was darkness.

"Yes, Ralph, he is better," he heard Vida say; "he has entirely recovered con-

sciousness and thinks he is well as ever. But he is weak and must not be disturbed."

"No, no, Vida," he heard the brother respond; "he is your patient; you have saved his life so far, and your injunctions must be strictly regarded."

"Oh, Ralph!" and Vida's eyes grew bright with some inward emotion; but suddenly remembering that Fred was awake, she checked the words that came to her lips, while the dark, silken eyelashes drooped shyly on her flushed cheeks.

"What is it, Vida?" asked Ralph St Leger. "You are feeling unusually joyous; have you caught it from the young stranger?"

"Sh, Ralph!" she said, placing the tips of her tapering, dimpled fingers to her brother's lips; "he is awake and may hear you. Come, sit down. You look tired and careworn. You must be hungry."

Ralph St Leger threw himself upon the ottoman, while Vida stole softly back to Fred's couch, and drawing aside the curtain, gazed down upon the youth. He slept.

She moved lightly away, and was soon engaged in the preparation of the evening meal. When it was ready, Fred was still asleep. She would not disturb his slumber. She would take him food when he awoke.

Ralph ate his supper silently and thoughtfully. Vida watched him closely. She saw at once that something uncommon rested upon his mind, and after supper was over, and the table cleared away, the brother and sister seated themselves near the door, furthest from the invalid's couch, and entered into conversation.

"Ralph, dear," said Vida, "you are in trouble. Your very looks and actions say so. Why is it?"

"Vida, my love was spurned to-day by one whom I loved most dearly."

"You loved, Ralph? This is news to me. You surprise me."

"Yes, no doubt, sister. But there is a maiden at Stony Cliff whom I met and loved many days ago. And to me she

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sidered her heart and hand, but to-day she revoked that pledge and spurned my love. She accused me of being Pirate Paul!"

Vida started and uttered a little cry.

"Brother," she said, "I have even thought so myself."

"My God!" he exclaimed; "is it possible that you link my name with that of a villain, Vida?"

"How can I do otherwise, brother?

For nearly a year have we lived here in this secluded spot. Your comings and goings have been wrapped in mystery to me.

You tell me nothing, unless it is of the terrible deeds of Death-Notch, or of some robbery committed by the prairie pirates.

Why have you been so silent, if you did not wish me to couple your absence with that of some evil?"

Ralph Travis heard every word. He did not approve of eavesdropping, but there was a mystery about this brother and sister that he wished to solve. To Vida he saw her brother's doings were entirely unknown. He had caught a glimpse of Ralph's face through the curtain. He saw the resemblance it bore to the maiden's. He was fully satisfied that he was Death-Notch, for although the Scalp-Hunter had kept his face masked at the hut, his voice was the same as that of Ralph St Leger. But might not he be Pirate Paul, too?"

"Sister," said Ralph, after awhile, "half of my life is a blank. Ever since our parents were slain by the accursed Sioux, under Le Subile Fox—since I witnessed the torture and shameful treatment of our mother and sister—I have been insane half of my time. And were it not for you, Vida, to soften my heart, to live for, to love, I believe I would go entirely mad. And since Sylveen Gray—she whom I have loved with all the affection of a true heart—has spurned my love, it seems as though this life of mine is a bitter one. But, sister, do you remember the ring that mother wore ere our home fell under the savages' blows?"

"Yes, yes, Ralph. I could never forget it. It was a gold ring, with such a curious setting of some precious stone. But what of it?"

"Sylvieen Gray wears that ring."

A cry burst from Vida's lips.

"It must have been taken from mother after her capture," she said; "but, how came Miss Gray in possession of it?"

"I know not. But when I saw and recognized it, Sylvieen shrank from me as if from an adder at the same time, accusing me of being Pirate Paul. There is some mystery connected with that ring."

"There must be; but, tell me, Ralph, why it is, if you are not a robber, that you tell me so little of your hunting excursions?"

"Vida, are you sure your patient is asleep?"

The maiden arose, and, going to Fred's couch, drew aside the curtain.

"Yes, he still sleeps soundly," she said, stealing back to her brother's side on tiptoe.

"Then I will tell you something, sister."

Ralph said: "Revenge is what leads me from home and keeps me away. Upon those who slew our father and tortured to death our mother and sister have I sworn to wreak a terrible revenge. Heaven seems to justify me in my course. I can excite myself to madness by thinking over our friends' suffering and shame, and when I am mad, this world is almost a blank to me. I do most terrible acts. The sight of one of those savages who destroyed our home crazes my brain. I can not control my anger. A demon's power and fury are infused into my body. I am vaguely conscious of all I do, yet can not restrain my acts, and there is nothing that I dare not do. It is not insanity that crazes my brain, but a spirit of revenge. It is a singular and terrible state into which I am thrown, but I can not help it. It comes like a dream in my sleep, and my acts are all involuntary. I have no control over myself; but, God seems to guide and protect me while laboring under those terrible attacks. But, one thought of you, sister, or of my adored Sylvieen, would drive the spell away. It is curious—nay, mysterious—what freaks and fits the human race is addicted to. The sight of a strange white face sometimes throws me into that awful state of madness. It will bring up old memories of days gone by, when we were so happy and joyous with a father and mother. Then will rise the demon faces of their murderers, and my spirit maddens for revenge. And, Vida, I hear much of Death-Notch, and his terrible deeds of vengeance on the red-skins. Time and again, sister, have I recovered from one of my terrible fits to find a scalp at my girde. By thinking, as you would over a dream, I can recall a vague remembrance of how it came there. But, to make a long story short, I am Death-Notch, the young Scalp-Hunter, as the Indians have seen fit to name me."

"A low, half-suppressed cry burst from Vida's lips, and an expression of fear overshadowed her features. Ralph's revelations had startled her. From his own story she at once believed he was subject to attacks of fits, and yet he had endeavored to make her believe that it was but excitement. She felt no uneasiness for herself, but for the handsome, invalid youth lying behind the curtain. What if her brother should become mad at sight of him? As she asked herself the question, she glanced uneasily and involuntarily toward the curtain. Ralph readily divined her thoughts and fears by her actions, and continued, as surely:

"You need have no fears for him, Vida.



Old Shadow saw the savage turn, and, parting the foliage, peer into his very face.

fire, for a million sparks went upward from its bosom, as though a stone had been dropped into it. Appalled, the savages start back. Another groan issues from the fire. A column of sparks float upward, wavering and crackling in the currents of air.

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I see your heart has become deeply interested in that youth's welfare."

"Oh, Ralph!" she cried, blushing crimson, "it shocks me to think of Death-Notch—that you are that terrible being!"

"I have kept the fact from you for your own good. I know it is an appalling mood that at times possesses me."

"Yes, brother, and I fear it will be the death of you yet," said Vida.

"God holds our lives in his hands. I am his servant, and as he wills I am satisfied. But, Vida, I have settled my mind upon one thing. I must see Sylvie Gray once more. I must bring about a reconciliation, if possible. Without her love, sister, this world will be a half-blank to me. If she will listen to my story, believe that I am not Pirate Paul, and will renew her promise to wed me some day, then will I leave this wild, secluded home, wherein love as well as revenge is keeping me. Once away from the hateful presence of the Indians, I know this spirit of revenge will be forgotten. But I hardly know how to act now."

"Ralph, I wish I could advise you in your trouble. But, for the sake of your sister, be careful of your life. When you are gone, I will have no one to care for me."

Tears gathered in the eyes of Ralph St. Leger. He drew his little sister toward him, put back the long, dark ringlets from her brow, and planted a kiss upon it.

In the mean time, Fred Travis was an attentive listener to the startling revelations of Ralph St. Leger, and the words of tenderness spoken by the brother and sister. Fred was ashamed of his silence, but he could not help it.

After a few moments' silence he heard the brother and sister renew their conversation.

"Brother," said Vida, "I believe now you are not Pirate Paul, but I can not say I am pleased to know you are Death-Notch."

"I am not pleased over the fact, myself, Vida, but then I feel that I have not been accountable, in a certain sense, for many things that I have done. But, revenge now is only a secondary object. Love stands pre-eminent—a love that grew strong ere Death-Notch struck his first blow, and made his name a terror. However, if Sylvie Gray will hear my story, and believe me—renew her promise to become my wife when we have grown older, then will I give up this life."

"Oh, I pray, then, that she will!" cried Vida, hopefully; "but, Ralph, you say when you are under these mysterious attacks, you have a faint remembrance of what you do, yet can not stay your acts."

"Yes, such is the case."

"Then, do you remember of having beat this young man down in the forest on the night of the storm?"

"No, Vida, for I did not."

"He says Death-Notch beat him down."

"He is mistaken. I was with him that night, and had one of my attacks. I knew it was coming, and warned him to flee and join his friends. He left me and I recovered. Soon after I saw three persons, whom I concluded were robbers, and still a few minutes later I heard a pistol-shot. I never saw Fred Travis after our parting there, that night, until I saw him lying unconscious in your canoe."

Fred heard this declaration with a feeling of joy. A terrible weight was lifted from his heart. He would now have nothing to fear from Death-Notch.

By this time it was dark in the cabin; so a lamp was lighted. Ralph and his little sister now sought Fred's couch, and finding he had, apparently, just awakened, Vida went to prepare him some food, while her brother engaged him in conversation, by which Fred soon learned that the young Scalp-Hunter was a person of more than ordinary intelligence.

Vida's appearance with some food on a snowy plate, and a bowl of coffee, ended their talk. Fred arose from his couch, and, being seated in an easy-chair, ate the viands brought him with a keen relish. After this repast he felt much refreshed and strengthened, and ventured on a few minutes' walk and exercise in the open air. When he returned, Ralph also was out, but came in, in a few minutes, looking not a little excited.

The three seated themselves, and entered into conversation. Fred sat with his back toward the open door and facing Ralph, and Vida sat at one side.

Suddenly, Fred saw Ralph start as though he had detected a slight, unnatural sound without, for he fixed his eyes upon the open door.

"What is it, Ralph?" asked Fred.

Ralph made no reply. Fred gazed into his face and saw it was set with the rigidity of death. His white, nearly teeth-shone between his slightly parted lips, and his eyes glowed and scintillated like coals of fire; their pupils dilated until they seemed to cover the whole ball. It was a terrible expression, not one of madness, nor insanity either, but of—what? Who can tell?

"Ralph! Ralph!" exclaimed Fred, hoping to break the spell that was coming over him like a serpent's fascination.

Ralph made no reply, but, like an arrow, he shot through the cabin door, out into the blinding darkness.

Before either Fred or Vida could speak, there was heard a low, wail-like cry; then all became silent again.

A minute later Ralph made his appearance in the door, apparently as calm and composed as he had ever been.

But Vida sprung backward with a shriek, and, pointing at his girdle, exclaimed:

"My God, Ralph, what is that?"

#### CHAPTER XIX.

##### EVIL FACES.

RALPH ST. LEGER started at his sister's words, as though he had suddenly been aroused from a dream. He gazed down at his girdle, where he beheld a reeking scalp dangling. With apparent disgust, he tore the bloody trophy from his side and tossed it out of the door.

"The cunning fiend," said Death-Notch, "got a little too close. I remember seeing him pass the door and peer in when I sat there."

"Brother," said Vida, with trembling voice, "I am so afraid our home will be discovered by the savages and we slain, for they must be continually on the hunt for Death-Notch. Oh, Ralph! let us leave here soon!"

"Your wish shall be granted, Vida; a few more days and we will forever leave this wilderness and its dangers, God willing. But, for fear there may now be other savages about, I will go out and reconnoiter."

Vida would have protested against his leaving, but, before she could speak, he had taken his weapons and left the cabin.

The maiden and her invalid guest waited long and anxiously for his return, but the hours stole away, the moon sunk behind the western tree-tops and dawn appeared in the east before he returned.

When he did, his face wore a look of fatigue. It was evident that he had spent the night in activity.

"Brother, you have been gone so very long!" said Vida; "are the Indians about?"

"The woods are swarming with them, and I am afraid they'll find our home, alas, too soon! But I must keep on the alert."

And so he did. During the next two days he was absent from home most of his time—scouting through the woods.

Fred Travis convalesced rapidly, within the sunshine of Vida's smiles. He walked with the sun in the cool, silvan wood; rowed with her upon the creek, and talked and sung with her until the emotions that were ripening in their young hearts gushed forth in confessions of love and joy.

From the moment he had first gazed into each other's eyes, a feeling far deeper than mere friendship was awakened in each young heart. This continued to grow upon them, until it at last found expression in a kiss upon the brow, and planted a kiss upon it.

To these lovers that solitary cabin seemed an Arcadian bower. They thought but little of the dangers that so troubled the mind of Death-Notch and kept him on constant watch. There was no vain show nor formality in their love. It was a pure and holy love in which the noblest emotions of the human breast held power.

It was near the close of the third day of Fred's sojourn at the Lone Cabin, as Vida called the place—that the young lovers were seated upon the bank of the little stream which formed the western boundary of the glade.

They had long expected the return of Death-Notch, and Vida had begun to chafe in spirit at his protracted absence. But Fred spoke words of cheer to her and endeavored to comfort her mind and keep it upon something else. In her lap lay a Spanish guitar, upon which she had been playing for him and now, as the twilight shadows began to gather over the woodland with their evening voices and solemn inspirations, Fred asked her to play again.

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ward the door to escape, but he knew such an attempt would be useless.

"Take the antidote," continued Fez, breaking a silence that was like the air at a cannon's mouth. "Take it, and fear not."

"Will you swear that it is harmless—and an antidote?"

"I will swear to nothing. I give my word. I do not seek to do you harm. Eat, and then I will tell you my secrets."

"Tis done!"

Carew had swallowed the fruit. He scarce knew why he did so, possessed as he was with suspicions of foul play. But it was down.

"Now, Cale Fez, your secrets," sinking into his chair.

"First let me warn you. You have learned the secret of my calling. Remember?" in a snaky, whispering hiss, "if you ever betray me, I have brethren around who will hunt you to the death!"

"Fear not on that score; but come to our business."

Folding his arms and again bending his gaze to the floor, the Obi man began to unfold that which he had promised.

He half-closed his eyes, and his voice was strangely deep in its monotone, as he spoke the valuable secrets.

"It was years ago, when the birds of summer sung in the trees, and flowers opened to the warm kiss of golden days, there lived a woman—who's name was Carew—alone with a widowed father, close to this very town."

The eager listener started as the name of Carew was uttered. With scarce a pause, Cale Fez went on:

"Not many months had numbered in her nineteenth year, when there came a lover, who wooed, with whisper and caress, and won her. Strangely, too, his name was Carew; so that when they married her name did not change. They were happy. Two hearts met and melted into one; and bright as the smiles of angels were the hours of their united lives. A child was given them, on which they centered many proud, fond hopes. The name they gave the child was 'Vincent'."

"Ha! Vincent!" exclaimed Carew; and he added, mentally: "What's this? Am I going to hear the history of my own family? What does he know of my mother?" Then, aloud: "Go on, Cale Fez."

"As the boy-child grew older," resumed the African, "the father and mother sent it to Europe to be educated. While it was there, the father died. Sorrow came in heavy clouds to the widowed mother. But, a consolation, like a gilded star, rose in the horizon of her woes. Another knelt, and poured forth a love-pleading so strong, so sincere, that, gradually, the face of the dead husband was banished from her memory, and her hand was pledged to a second suitor. I had a sister then—she's far off, in the world above us now—and she was employed in the house of the newly-married ones."

"What was the name of the second husband?" asked Carew, interrupting him rather sharply.

"St. Clair."

"St. Clair!" he repeated, with a start; and then, while he listened, he was thinking deeply too.

"The second marriage, like the first, gave another soul to the molding of the world. This time, it was a girl. They called it Lorilyn."

"Lorilyn!" Vincent Carew was leaning forward in his chair, his ears pricked, and manner that of intensest interest.

Fez: "and as it grew older, so did its beauty grow more perfect. To father and mother it was an idol. The mother heard no more of the child she had sent to Europe, until this second child was near five years old—and never afterward. Her husband, St. Clair, died. Again she was alone in the world; for the gray-haired father had long since sunk to rest in the grave. Heaven did, indeed, test the courage of her faith. There then came two suitors: one named Mark Drael; and the other, Herod De Wyn. The first name was an assumed one. The man was a brother to the deceased, and his true name was Robert St. Clair. He came from the West. St. Clair was rejected. She bestowed her affections on De Wyn. The wedding-day was fixed. Enraged, filled with murderous thoughts, Robert St. Clair hired a foreign ruffian to strike out the life of the man who stood in his way. They met here—in my house. They signed a contract, in which Mark Drael—that was his signature—promised, on his part, to give Antoine Martinet any thing he might ask for, which human could furnish—all his wealth; every earthly possession, if demanded—provided that Antoine Martinet, on his part, would remove Herod De Wyn. The deed was done. The instrument used was a scorpion. They obtained it from me, and its sting was doubly venomous by a mixture I composed and fed to it. The life-flame of Herod De Wyn went out as quickly as if crushed by a bolt from the skies. Suspicion of foul work was rife with gossip; but no trace, no evidence could be discovered pointing to any one. Mark Drael made another effort to win the widow's hand. She did not like him, and, even in the clear field he had worked for himself, he was sternly rejected. Then, Robert St. Clair realized that he had made a rash bargain with Antoine Martinet. The ruffian, his tool, began to draw upon him in such sums, that utter ruin threatened to be the result. He sought means to stop this drain upon his purse—and hit on a plan. Styly he went to work. One day, it was whispered, that a man had been seen lurking in the garden of the house in which Herod De Wyn lived. This man answered the description of Antoine Martinet. It was enough. Quicke as slenthounds on the track of prey, detectives sprung to the pursuit. But, the hunted man was not asleep. He was not a sloth in his movements. Antoine Martinet, apprised of his danger, fled the country, and never returned. He discovered the hand played by St. Clair, and swore to be even with him."

He paused, and seemed gathering fresh items in his mind; standing silently, and gazing steadfast at the floor.

Carew was now burning with interest. Much of what he had heard he already knew; but, much more was fresh. He sat rigidly in his chair, leaning slightly forward and watching the Obi man intently.

"Go on, Cale Fez! Why do you stop? Is there no more?"

"Yes."

"Then go on, I say!"

"Be patient. I can not speak faster; nor would I, if I could. You must hear me

as I choose to tell you. The widow of St. Clair sunk under the blow. The death of the man she was about to marry cut deep into her heart—he stopped short, and glared quickly at Dyke Rouel.

The black cat had leaped onto the table, and, curling itself up, it began to purr loudly.

Dyke's chair was near the table, and, at the sudden movement of the animal, he recoiled in a way to endanger his equilibrium.

"Go on, Cale Fez!—go on!" exclaimed Carew.

"Maester!—I say!" cried Dyke, recovering himself with a slip and a twist. "Look at that big cat! Look!—it's Beelzebub!"

Carew paid him no heed.

"And what then, Cale Fez? Speak on!" he commanded, impatiently.

"She died," said Fez, in his slow, thoughtful tone.

"Well, 'she died,'" repeated Carew.

"What next?"

"There was a strange shadow in the lives of all whose hearts pulsed the blood of a Carew. A Phantom face!"

"Ha! A Phantom face!" You say there was a Phantom face following those whose blood was of the Carew line?" His fingers were twitching till the knuckles cracked; his manner was greatly excited.

"Yes. A Phantom."

"How do you know this? How have you gained these family secrets?"

"Pscat!" hissed Dyke, making as if to strike the animal on the table.

But, the cat moved not; only switched its tail and widened its glistening eyes; and he retreated, making faces at it.

"I have told you I had a sister, who was employed in the family," answered the Obi man to Carew's question. "What I did not learn myself, she told me. But, listen... This Phantom had the face of a beautiful girl; and when the child, Lorilyn, was still very young, her mother noticed that her features were close in their resemblance to the mysterious apparition. How it came to haunt the lives of the Carews, I know not—it first appeared dated back through many generations; and it only showed itself when one of the line was threatened by a more than ordinary danger. It was kept a secret. People would not have believed in the existence of such a thing had they been told of it. Just before her death, the mother wrote out an explanation of the Phantom, as far as she knew; and, also, of her different marriages—intrusting the paper to her nurse, my sister, with instructions to give it to Lorilyn, when she arrived at the age of eighteen. But, my sister was stricken with disease. I tried hard to save her; in vain. She died."

"About the time she died, Robert St. Clair felt his conscience prickling him. Assuming the name of Karl Kurtz, he proclaimed himself Lorilyn's uncle—but, he did not do it publicly then. He showed a letter purporting to have been written to him just before the widow's death, summoning him to take charge of the child. On her death-bed, when she yielded up Lorilyn to me, my sister gave him the document. Had she not been partly delirious, and only half-conscious of what she did, she would have seen that the man who called himself Karl Kurtz could not, by his name, truly claim what he did.

Carew was again muttering:

"So, he sought my life? He purchased poison of Cale Fez, to administer to me? One dose more, and I would have been dead, eh? Now then, Robert St. Clair, look to yourself! Better for you had you died in birth than to rouse this devil within me! Dread, dread are the shadows that shall close in on Birdwood now!"

Two horsemen, going toward the city, were tearing along the road. In a moment they came up—in another moment they were speeding away from him.

"What's the matter?" cried Carew.

"Murder!" was shouted back, and they were out of hearing.

The rattling of the horses' hoofs, as it grew fainter and fainter, sounded with ominous echoes through the lining forests, and he who halted in the road was looking after the disappearing horsemen in a vacant way.

"So they've found it out? It was not long coming to light."

"Maester!" sniffed his follower, "didn't he say they'd found out about the murderer?"

"Yes. Come on. Follow."

"But, suppose they should come after us? Oh! my! my! hadn't we better run, maester? I think we had—indeed I do."

"Fool! how can they trace it to us? Guard your tongue, and we are safe. A hint, a careless word, and we shall swing!"

"Don't you think there's any danger?" continued Dyke, falteringly.

"None," was the brief reply; and the word was uttered sharply.

"O-h!" Dyke groaned. "I wish you hadn't done it, maester. It's awful!"

"Silence! You gabble too much."

"Yes, maester—I won't say any more," with another groan that ended in a half-whimper.

A large crowd was congregated on the porch of the Oz when they neared it.

"Hold, Dyke; we'll go in here. I want some liquor to steady my brain."

"Why, liquor won't steady the brain, maester! It'll make you tipsy."

"Do as I tell you," dismounting with the words.

Dyke imitated his movement, and they entered the bar-room.

The murder was being freely discussed; loud opinions and angry sentences were to be heard on every side.

Jerry O'Connelly, behind his counter, was talking with two stalwart farmers. The latter seemed more sober and thoughtful than others about them, and they regarded the comers with a close, scrutinizing glance.

O'Connelly recognized Vincent Carew, and turned to wait upon him.

"Did ye hear the news?" asked the Irishman, setting out the liquor called for.

"Yes, I heard it as I came along," answered Carew, indifferently, and pouring out a heavy drink.

"It's kill entirely I am," said Jerry, in a sad way. "Never the likes as been near this place afore, an' I'm afraid it's few's the wan'll stop at the Oz any more, at all. Ah! the devil!—the devil! Poor old Cyp!"

Dyke pulled at his master's sleeve.

"Let's get away," he whispered.

Carew paid for his drink, and they returned to their horses.

The wild stuff he had swallowed nerfed him in its artificial warmth.

The beasts were again urged forward over the gloomy road.

"Did you see the big crowd, maester? Goody I if they find out who did it, we'll be pulled to pieces! One man said, if he could get hold of the murderer, he'd run him through a foder-outer, headfirst!"

"Be still. Don't talk so much," and then his taxed mind forced fresh mutterings from his lips.

"There is no more," replied Fez, calmly.

"By the flends of the eternal fires! you have earned your five hundred dollars," and he paced the room, with hands pressed against his temples, his bloodshot eyes wild and fierce in their look.

"Beware!" said the Obi man, in a solemn tone. "If you drink water at Birdwood, drawn from the well by any human save your own, you will speedily die!"

"Since I can not have Lorilyn St. Clair, no one else shall! My rival—curse him!"

"I will not forget your warning. Come, Dyke!"

"Yes, maester!"

At Carew's call, Dyke Rouel was glad enough to be gone, and he made a bound toward the door.

"We are going, Cale Fez. I want air. I shall strangle if I remain here longer."

Fez nodded his head, but said nothing. He looked after them, though, with a grim smile, and when they had disappeared, he laughed in a low, sepulchral strain:

"Ha! ha! ha! you think I do not know you, Vincent Carew! It might be, were it not for my loitering near Birdwood mansion, where I heard your name a hundred times or more. Go ahead—make what you will out of my secrets; but you'll never marry Lorilyn St. Clair, now, I venture."

With Dyke Rouel tripping and jumping at his heels, Vincent Carew strode from the house.

The sun was low in its western field, and he hastened in the direction of the place where he had left the horses.

"Maester, I'm so glad we're safe out of that awful place! Goody! I never was so frightened!"

Carew did not hear him. This man of crime-stained soul was hurrying onward, with head bowed, and mind absorbed.

"I see—I see," he muttered. "The stronger hold Cale Fez meant was that I should threaten to expose Mark Drael to his family—the deceit and trickery he has practiced upon them. But his name is Robert St. Clair! Ah!—he loves Lorilyn. If she knew that her uncle's wickedness had caused the death of her mother, she would turn from him. If people knew that the wealthy and esteemed Karl Kurtz was a man of three names—two of these assumed to cloak his past doings—that together with an exposure of his league with Antoine Martinet, would indeed crush him to the earth! Ha! ha!"

Despite the condition of his thoughts, he laughed hollowly—a laugh that was like a tigerish growl—and quickened his strides.

"Come on, Dyke Rouel; come on."

"Yes, maester, I'm a-comin'. But, I say, maester, we got to go back over that same road, past—past the dead body?"

There was no answer. When they were mounted, Carew struck his spurs savagely into the animal he bestrode, and the two headed for Birdwood, at a brisk gallop. It was near nightfall.

As they passed the city limits, and dashed along the smooth, level road, Dyke kept close to his master, while he glanced shudderingly at the spectral shadows formed by the trees on their either side.

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**Saturday Journal**

Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 9, 1872.

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## Our Arm-Chair.

**A Practical View of It.**—Among the curiosities of the correspondence which drifts upon us are letters from both sexes—young people—who canvass the question of marriage. A young woman, for instance, living in a central part of New York State, says: "I am of a marriageable age, in fair circumstances, and wish very much to marry, but the young men most all go away to the city and those who remain behind do not appear to want to marry," and she asks—"What can a girl do in such a case?"

Of course we can only answer—"You can do nothing." As custom prohibits women from making advances to the men they love, they are powerless even to betray their wishes; so that, if the men will not take the initiative, there is no possibility of hastening or multiplying marriages.

There is, however, a view of this matter which ought to be well considered by the women. Why don't the young men want to marry? The answer is partially contained in the following extract, which a young man in Lancaster, Pa., remits to ask our view of its correctness:

"But in these days our fashionable girls have ceased to seem any thing but most expensive luxuries. The burdens their wifhood would entail are absolutely appalling. There is no use of talking about it; men *must* be economical. They, in spite of all speculative haste to get rich, or perhaps, on account of such speculations, have learned that the only law of wealth is to save. To earn more than one expends is the inexorable condition of becoming wealthy. What are men to do, then, when matrimony brings them the prospect of a current outlay far beyond their ability to provide? They shun the altar."

This, however, we shall accept with a proper grain of allowance. Very true as applied to "fashionable girls," it is not true as applied to girls born and bred—as our lady correspondent in Central New York evidently has been—to skill in household labor, and with most admirable qualifications for being a helpmate to a husband struggling for a fortune. Such girls are everywhere to be wood and wren; and the young man who starts out in life with the idea that marriage is an expensive adventure is simply committing a lamentable mistake.

Marriage should be, in every sense, a desirable venture, and it is not so it is simply because the right girl is not chosen.

If young men would cease to pay attention to the popular *ys* of society—to run after girls whose ideas of life are all associated with dress and "position"—if they would, on the contrary, seek out the girls of solid worth and sensible ideas regarding their mission and life-duties—society would soon hasten to remodel its ordinances as to make good house-keeping a virtue and industry in girls a real merit. All girls want to marry; it is unnatural not to want man's best love; and this fact would surely lead the candidates for marriage to a proper preparation for the great duties that marriage involves, if the young men were less influenced in their associations by ideas of "standing" and "position." Let young men seek out the farmers' daughters, the teachers, the governesses—the workers, in fact, giving them the first consideration, and, our word for it, good wives would be the rule and unhappy alliances the exception.

## BEWARE OF THAT MAN!

BEWARE of that man who passes the most of his time on the corners of the streets, and whose only seeming occupation is to make remarks—not very complimentary ones—or the passers-by. Such a man can not be one who has good feelings at heart. It strikes me he could have something better to do than lounge about the corners. And, young men, if you value our good opinion, and wish your girls to think well of you, don't stand on the sidewalk and gaze at us as we come out of church. You may think it pleases us, but it doesn't, one bit! What's more, it'll gradually draw you into the style of corner-loafing, and that's an abomination.

Beware of that man who has for a friend and companion one whom he is not willing to introduce into his household, or allow him to associate with his sisters. He can

not be good himself, for you know one can not touch pitch without being defiled. I

don't think the male sex are half careful enough as regards their companions—it

may be that we girls are too particular—though I think such is not the case. Willie

is always talking about Jake being "a good-hearted fellow," and all that, and when mamma hears him say so, she asks why Willie doesn't bring this same Jake home with him some time and let her notice his "good-heartedness." Willie declines, on the score that Jake's a good enough street acquaintance, but scarcely one whom fellow would like to bring home with him. When you hear such a remark as that, you may rest assured that Jake is a low sort of personage, and Willie is not one whit better.

Beware of that man who is so prone to talk of his female acquaintances in the sneering manner which he does. With such a man be very guarded in your speech. If he makes sport of what others have said, what security have you that he will not do the same by you?

Avoid that man who will show the letters he receives from his lady friends, as if they were as common property as the lines in a newspaper. Many of us are too prone to write down our feelings on paper as they occur to our minds, little thinking they may be shown here and there, and often made sport of. But a man who will show a confidential letter to another is not one whose society should be courted; and I tell you, girls, to beware of that man!

Beware of that man who mocks at sacred things and makes a jest of all religion. Such a person can not be honorable or upright; if he has no feeling of love and kindness for a Heavenly Being, he certainly will not for one of earthly mold. His heart must be a selfish one, it will not assimilate with the nobler beings who surround him, and who should shun him as they would a poisonous adder. We should be thankful that there are very few of these despicable beings around us.

Beware of that man who would overwork those in his employ. Such a person is very apt to be a tyrant, and a man who is a tyrant will not make a good husband, and really good husbands are what we need, for I know that there are plenty of bad ones.

Girls don't look well before they leap into matrimony—scarcely ever thinking whether a man has as handsome a heart as his face;

if his income is thought more of than his character. Why, don't you know that some of these men always have their "company manners" with them when they go courting? And we think they are always going to act so, but, I am sorry to add, we get most grievously mistaken, *sometimes!*

It's best to inquire a little more particularly into the *every-day life* of our swains. Our brother can find out for us; but if his verdict is unfavorable, and he hints of wrong acts, glossed over as "wild oats," let me tell you to beware of that man!

EVE LAWLESS.

## Foolscap Papers.

### Whitehorn Interviewed.

(From the Scientific Review.)

We, the Committee selected by the Society for the Advancement of Science, to call upon Mr. Whitehorn and ascertain what he knew about Bugs, beg to make the following

REPORT.

We called upon Mr. W. this afternoon, and found him in studious shirt-sleeves, with his learned feet philosophically placed upon the intelligent mantelpiece, while he was profoundly engaged in eating parched corn. As we entered he rose to receive us—not without first taking his feet down—but found that both his legs were sound asleep and painfully numb. We each shook hands with the old philosopher, and he greeted each with a smile which seemed to be invariably cut very short off by the shaking of his hand each time half woke up his legs and made him groan.

When he, with great care, got one leg across the other, put on his goggles, and took another mouthful of parched corn, he seemed to regain his usual spirits, and after replying to his inquiries in regard to the families and ancestors of each, and he had taken a handful of parched corn, we told him the object of our visit.

Mr. Whitehorn said the theme—Bugs—was a boundless one and called for the most searching investigation. That was one of the main objects of his eventful life—searching for bugs was. Bedbugs, said Mr. W., taking a mouthful of parched corn, he was pretty well acquainted with in their structure and their domestic habits.

He considered them the first of all bugs—that, they are the first to attract the closest attention of man, just the same as a man is the first to attract the closest attention of the bugs.

Like oysters, they are propagated in beds.

There is one room in his house which is furnished with these conveniences, and Mr. W. gave the Committee a most pressing invitation to come back after supper and stay all night in that room, it would materially assist the investigations of this body in that great but rather neglected branch of science.

Mr. W. keeps that room for the special accommodation of visitors who come twice, or evince an inclination to stay a week.

He says no amount of persuasion can induce them to prolong their visit more than one night, as they find that they have a good deal of unfinished and pressing business at home.

He said some of those bugs were among the first installment that were shipped to this country by philanthropists in the Mayflower, and bear dates on their backs of

1620, and as far back as 1560, and they have grown up with the country.

"I remember," said Mr. W., referring to reminiscences and another handful of parched corn, "a wooden-legged friend of mine who went to bed in a Delaware hotel, but got into a little difficulty with the regular occupants of the bed—those domesticated bugs—and 'went out on a fly,' leaving his wooden limb in bed, and slept—no, waked the balance of the night on the floor. In the morning," said Mr. Whitehorn, spitting a piece of a tooth out which had just broken off with a hard grain of corn, "in the morning he found the bugs, under a mistaken apprehension, had eaten the wooden limb all up."

He computed the profits on the bugs with him to be about nine hundred dollars.

They had been originally sent to him to put into his collection of Natural History, but had eaten through the box.

He said he had known *savans* who had spent years of their lives in trying to find some way to make these animals useful to mankind, but all had failed except himself.

Of other bugs, said Mr. Whitehorn, gathering up a pan of corn which he had accidentally knocked off the table, of other bugs there are what is called the various kinds of bugs.

Perhaps the worst species of the bug persistance and not altogether the most unconvincing is what is called a bug in your coffee; they are not healthy to take. Husbands who have heavy insurances on their lives will find it to their policy to strain their coffee.

There is the "bug in your ear," a species of insect that is very common and flies around at all seasons. We take great delight in catching them for the benefit of other folks, and we sometimes get them in our own ears and they don't bite good.

The big bug, a very little bug, is always flying in your eyes and making a noise, and it is disagreeable.

"There is a bright little insect," said Mr. Whitehorn, when he had got the grain of corn out of his windpipe and wiped his eyes, and had quit coughing, "with golden-hued wings and a sweet little voice, which we have chased many an hour, and it is called the humbug. It looks like a harmless little thing, yet we have found that its bite is painful, but still how we do like to catch it!"

The "bug in your hash," Mr. W. thought, was of a variety of species, the handiest that your landlord happens to have about the house.

He abominated a bug in his boot.

Mr. W. lately discovered a little bit of a new bug in a swamp, and he intends to spend some years for the benefit of universal science, in finding out its biography, etc., and on the strength of this discovery he will not object to have his name posted on the next new planet of the first class that appears.

We left Mr. W. (eating parched corn, an extra panful having been brought in), with a bug in our ears. THE COMMITTEE.

## Woman's World.

Refinement.—Abuse of the Term.—A Lesson in a Plate of Soup.—Social and Domestic Etiquette.

I do not know a more abused and misused word in the English language than refinement. To most minds it simply conveys the idea of a hypercritical fastidiousness in all things, which is in reality the opposite of refinement. To understand the rules of the grammar of good society called etiquette, is certainly one of the first requisites of a refined education; but we must never forget that conventionalities and etiquette have a meaning beyond their outside seeming. Every one of those apparently useless observances sprung from and out of some want of society. They are simply the symbols of some human or social necessity. When we begin to study the matter from this stand-point, we are not willing to be versed in those minor ethics of life, called etiquette. We begin to realize that to be polite and refined in manner is a common good quality.

If, gentle mother, you teach your child that she must not ask twice for soup because it is not polite to do so, you do well. I believe you will do better not to give her the reason why the rule has been made arbitrary, until you have taught her that best of lessons for a child to learn—unquestioning obedience to your authority. After the rule has been impressed she will be lost in admiration of her mother's reticence and tender-ness combined, which withheld the reason until the lesson was learned. That the observance originated in that law of health which forbids us to deluge our stomachs with large quantities of fluids before eating solids, will not lose its significance by being slowly learned.

Moreover, as patience, humility, and reverence are necessary qualifications for a refined lady, she will have learned more than she is aware of, or can at her tender age appreciate, while acquiring one of the rules of dinner etiquette.

When we consider that the main object in learning rules of etiquette, is to render agreeable to each other, none of those rules will seem frivolous or unworthy of our attention. If, however, a selfish and egotistical motive urges us to become refined, in the conversational sense of the word, we have made a irremediable mistake. We have mistaken the shadow for the substance; we have substituted the outward for the inward grace.

In educating our children in this great republic, we should endeavor to give them, if possible, all the exterior graces of that great Duke of Marlborough, whom Chesterfield tells us was "of a beautiful figure but whose manner was irresistible by either man or woman."

But, while instilling that subtle refinement of manner, we must remember we are not coming up to the requirements of the age, nor fulfilling the duties which new occasions teach, if we incubate the debasement lesson that those refinements and graces are to be used for selfish purposes and egotistical, worldly advantages.

In truth, true refinement is unselfishness in small things, or has its manifestation in small sacrifices and concessions which contribute to the happiness of others. This motive renders the care of the person, the attention to health, the modulation of the voice, the control of the muscles of the face, the study of a smile, a bow or glance of the eye, the minute attention to matters of dress and taste, and the nice observance of the rules of etiquette, high duty, resulting in that refinement of heart and mind to

## JOURNAL.

### Readers and Contributors.

To CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not paid for in advance. No MSS. are accepted for future orders. Unsolicited manuscripts are returned only when accompanied by a sufficient sum of money. The inclosure, for such return, is to be made in a package marked "Book MS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness. Second, upon the convenience of the editor in using the inclosure, for such return. No MSS. are accepted for publication unless the author has given the editor a copy; the original being retained by the author. No MSS. are accepted for publication unless the author has given the editor a copy; the original being retained by the author. No MSS. are accepted for publication unless the author has given the editor a copy; the original being retained by the author.

We shall have to decline "G. W.," "Ble," "What She Saw," "The Schoolmarm's Trial," "Old Joe's Catastrophe," "Persistence in Love," "The Grange Mystery," "Mrs. Groves' Blarney Party," "The Match," "Shall It," "A Season's Catch," "Mr. Huntley's Boarder," "Room 95," "No, I Tell You," "Sixteen To-day," "Birds of Passage," "A Green Memory."

These contributions we place on file for further consideration: the serials "Two Loves and Two Hates," "A Castle in the Air." The budget of essays by Mary B. J. The poems from C. P. S., Newportbury.

We will find room for "Freedom's Monument;" "Paid in His Own Coin" ("It Might Have Been"); "A Woman's Folly" ("Six Years"); "A Man's Love" ("Proved True"); "Lizzie's Sacrifice."

J. T. The MS. is held for the editor to use in his judgment.

Miss H. M. We do not usually offer other papers which we consider better. When we decline a MS. it is not ours to dispose of. Of course some of the editor's declined is well worthy of use elsewhere.

GURZER. Don't use violet or blue ink in writing for the press. It makes poor copy. Use black ink on white paper—then each word is quickly and easily read by editor and compositor—a matter of considerable importance. Colored inks are an editor's abomination.

G. A. M. The proper initial is the first letter of your surname.

ARTHUR. "Pretty writing" is usually excised from a composition, for it is almost without exception worthless to the narrative portion. Literary splendor is a very expressive phrase to imply a flourish in a writer's work, which editors and readers alike usually wish the writer had *done*.

CECILLA. The *Necktie Sociable*

# SATURDAY JOURNAL

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## WOMAN'S EYES.

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

Come to me, maiden, cease thy deep sighs,  
Come lift up thy head and open thine eyes;  
I know there's sorrow in years of thy youth,  
Yet from their dark depths shines the light of truth.

Oh, something seraphic there seems to lie  
In the sweet expression of woman's eye!

Would their mystic language I could discern,  
Or feel the warm glow of their flames return,  
Or that blithe joy so sweetly bright,  
For swifter now than stars they light;

There is something methinks that never dies,  
And that is the tender love in thine eyes.

Pity shines forth and meekness is there,  
As sunlight shines through the bland summer air;

When bathed by the crystal fountain of tears,  
A light through their pensive shadows appears;

Oh, a wealth of virtue there seems to lie

In the sad, meek glance of a woman's eye!

## Timothy Tootsbury's Cure.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

TIMOTHY TOOTSBURY, Esqr., was a very worthy and exemplary old gentleman. He was kind to his family, sociable to his neighbors, upright in his dealings. But, like many another estimable gentleman, he had one failing. And one so marked that it made him a bore to all his acquaintances.

He imagined himself to be a great invalid, tormented by every mortal thing which flesh is heir to, and in spite of the facts that his appetite was excellent, his sleep sound, and his whole appearance robust, he persisted in his belief.

The wonder is that he was not half-dead and the other half, too, for the abominable drugs he was continually pouring down his throat, were enough to have killed a man with a constitution of wrought iron, and as many lives as a cat.

Mr. Tootsbury's wife was a sweet-tempered, gentle-voiced little lady, who at first sincerely believed in and faithfully sympathized with her husband's distresses. And, though she had not failed, long ago, to see the absurdity of his complaints, she was too tender-hearted to wound him by even a seeming indifference or inattention.

With the heroism of a martyr and the patience of an angel, she rose at all sorts of unseasonable hours of the night, or dropped her household duties at the most unseasonable hours of the day, to prepare nauseating messes which ought to have strangled him, but failed to do their duty in that respect or any other.

Mr. Tootsbury was possessed of a moderate competence, but sickness, you know, whether real or imaginary, makes terrible inroads on the expense-book.

So little Mrs. Tootsbury, with a laudable desire to "keep along," added to her already onerous tasks by taking boarders.

Two of these were a couple of sharp young medical students, members of a neighboring college. Of course they saw at once that Mr. Tootsbury's ailments were nothing in the world but imaginary ones, and it aroused their indignation to see him impose so much on the good nature of his patient little wife.

For her sake they dutifully inquired after his welfare every day, and agreed with her cheerfully expressed hopes that he would soon be better. But Timothy, instead of growing better, seemed determined to grow worse.

His torments increased, until at length the young doctors decided that if he would not die himself, he would soon succeed in fretting his poor little wife to death, and something must be done for her sake.

They held a consultation in their own quarters, and at last hit on a plan which they hoped might work his cure. In pursuance of it, they began to show great anxiety after his welfare. They made many inquiries, and several times, when the little wife was not around, felt his pulse, looked at his tongue, listened to his heart beat, looked at each other and sighed lugubriously, shook their heads, doubtfully, and dropped vague hints about bad cases like his, and such like, highly interesting and gratifying to Timothy.

One morning, when they thought the time about at hand for the consummation of their plan, they met Mr. Tootsbury taking his morning walk.

Passing him with a friendly "Good-morning," they walked just in front of him, quite close enough to allow him to hear the conversation they carried on in half-subdued tones.

"Looks worse than common this morning," said one.

"Yes," returned the other, with a doleful sigh. "Poor Tootsbury!"

"You don't think he'll last long, then?"

"Oh, no! certainly not. He's bound to die before the winter is over."

"Desperate bad case, isn't it?"

"Dreadful! Never saw any thing like it! Complication of all the diseases under the sun. Terrible case!"

"Likely to drop off any minute, isn't he?"

"Oh, yes. Shouldn't be surprised to go up to dinner any day and find him a corpse. That's why I thought we had better make all arrangements early."

"Then you think we can get his body?"

"Certainly. It's all arranged. He'll be a grand subject for dissection!"

Mr. Tootsbury, listening, began to feel cold chills running all over him, and his hair had a prickly sensation, as if about to stand on end.

The last was rather more than he could stand.

Rushing in front of the apparently astounded young men, he faced suddenly about and addressed them.

"Ahem! Young gentlemen, was it me you alluded to just now?"

The young students appeared covered with confusion, hesitating for an answer.

"I beg you will be candid. I am resolved to 'know,'" said Mr. Tootsbury, sternly.

"Well, sir, yes. We alluded to you," said one of them.

"Ah! And you think I am about to die?"

"Well, sir, yes, we do."

"And you wish to obtain my body, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"In fact, you have made arrangements to that effect?"

"Yes, sir," rather slowly.

"I suppose you mean to dissect me?"

"Yes, sir."

At every question Mr. Tootsbury's color rose, and he grew alternately redder and paler.

"Well, gentlemen, will you be kind enough to inform me why this particular honor is reserved for me?"

"Certainly. You see, sir, we want to find out what is the matter with you. You are always sick, yet always getting fatter; always complaining, yet able to eat more and sleep better than any of us; you look stout and hearty, yet you are an invalid. And we want to know what all this means. We want to sacrifice you to the cause of science."

"You do! Well, young gentlemen, I'm sorry to spoil your fun, but I have a word to say! I don't intend to be sacrificed to the cause of science, or any other cause, just yet! I don't intend to die! I intend to get well! In fact, I am well now! There is nothing the matter with me, and if you venture to say there is, I will thrash you both, right here in the open street! I am quite well, gentlemen! I wish you good-morning, gentlemen. When I wish to dispose of my body I will let you know!"

And the nervous invalid turned on his heel, fully resolved never to die while those medical students were around. While they went their way laughing at the success of their ruse and rejoicing over the recovery of Mr. Tootsbury.

## Madame Durand's Protégés:

THE FATEFUL LEGACY.

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON,  
AUTHOR OF "STRANGELY WED," "CECIL'S DE-  
CET," "ADRIA THE ADOPTED," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

A MYSTERIOUS CONSULTATION.

DEAD!

Gone on the dark, mysterious journey, without any kindred love to smooth the dim pass which leads from time into eternity.

There were shadows in the room, but the light from the open west window was lingering about the figure so awfully rigid and motionless, invested now with a terror which was greater than the awe madame had been wont to command in those about her.

Briggs came in presently with a lighted taper in her hand, and an humble apology for the slight delay of madame's dinner service, with which the butler was at that moment following.

She advanced to the branching candelabrum with its supply of fresh waxen tapers, and lifted her hand to set them afame.

But, with a howl of affright, she staggered back, and then gaining breath, uttered shriek after shriek of mortal terror.

"Yes; it is all very sad."

"Ah, ah!" sighed the lawyer.

Something seemed weighing upon his mind, he was so nervously abstracted, but it might have been grief for his eccentric old friend.

"I am to wait for Gaines," Mr. Thancroft explained, as they came together out of the library, and he paused to lock the door. "He had patients to attend, but it's quite time he was here. Madame was quite alone at the last, he says."

"Yes; it is all very sad."

"To Abel Johnson, the aged butler, who has been to me for forty years of my life, in consideration of his faithful services, and in view of my kind regard, I bequeath the sum of one thousand dollars, to be paid to him by the executors of this, my Will."

"To my housekeeper, Elizabeth Briggs, and likewise to Jean Briggs, her niece, I bequeath the sum of five hundred dollars each, to be paid in manner aforesaid."

"The sum of five hundred dollars which I had intended for my waiting-maid, Mildred Ross—but withheld from her for reasons still fully understand—I bequeath instead to Henry North, whom I regard as a highly reputable, deserving and trustworthy young man."

"To Abel Johnson, the aged butler, who has been to me for forty years of my life, in consideration of his faithful services, and in view of my kind regard, I bequeath the sum of one thousand dollars, to be paid to him by the executors of this, my Will."

"To my young relative, Fay St. Orme, I bequeath five hundred dollars per annum, for such time as she may remain unmarried."

"The whole of my personal property, estate, houses and monies, as held by me and in my name, I bequeath to my young relative, Fay St. Orme, and who now occupies the humble position of my collecting agent and private secretary, on the following conditions:

"First, that he shall within a year and a day take to be his wife, my young relative, Mirabel Durand."

"Secondly, that until the day of his marriage with Mirabel Durand, or otherwise until the full expiration of the year and day hereby designated, he shall faithfully perform all the duties of his present situation, and shall, upon taking possession of the inheritance, assume and be thereafter known by the name of Valiers Durand."

"Should Erne Valore fail to marry Mirabel Durand within the time stipulated, all my property, lands, houses and moneys, as before mentioned, I direct to be devoted to the cause of charity, as hereinafter specified."

"She went naturally enough," said the doctor, positively.

"But that doesn't release me, Gaines. You've not made any examination since?"

"It didn't seem necessary."

"I want you to do it now—very closely, indeed!"

"I'll do it to oblige you, Thancroft," answered the doctor. "But I'm confident of the result."

He crossed the room to turn the key in the door, then returned to stoop over the corpse.

"The examination lasted not longer than ten minutes.

"There are no outward traces of any thing of a poisonous nature," he announced.

"The death was purely natural."

Mr. Thancroft fidgeted.

"I wish you'd make a post-mortem," said he. "There's no certainty without."

"Yes, push ourselves forward into publicity, and be both laughed at and censured for our pains. I wash my hands of it entirely. You've heard my opinion, and I'm willing to take out a certificate to that effect, but I would not go further if I were even less firmly convinced of its being a clear case."

The doctor looked at him wonderingly.

"What should she die of but the expected trouble? It was her third stroke, you know, and I always said she wouldn't survive it. Brought on by overexertion and excitement as I predicted."

"You're sure it's not poison?"

"Good Lord, no! You don't put any faith in that superstitions fancy, I hope?"

"Scarcely that; but I gave Madame Durand my promise to make the closest investigations after her death."

"She went naturally enough," said the doctor, positively.

"But that doesn't release me, Gaines. You've not made any examination since?"

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"Good Lord, no! You don't put any faith in that superstitions fancy, I hope?"

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Would you believe it, I would willingly scatter every wild dream of coming state and power, for the certainty of winning peerless Mirabel Durand!"

"Oh, misere, misere!" the woman uttered, in wailing monotone.

"Ah, chant over your defeat—bury your hopes, whatever they were," mocked Ware.

"My misery isn't courting companionship."

He turned abruptly away, strode over a little space of flickered light and shade, and then was lost to view.

The woman stood still, with her gaunt white hands locked close together. The last sound of his receding footsteps died away, and then a great tenderness you would never have imagined it capable of, stole down, upon the woman's face, and tears that seemed wrung from the very endurance of suffering, welled into her cavernous eyes.

(To be continued—Compened in No. 134.)

## The Wronged Heiress:

### The Vultures of New York.

A WEIRD ROMANCE OF THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

BY BETTY WINWOOD.  
AUTHOR OF "THE WIDOW'S SECRET," "WHO WAS SHE?" "BETTY OR THE DEBONAIRES," PROBABLY "THE DANGEROUS WOMAN," AND "TWO LOVES," "MIRIAM BREWSTER'S SECRET," ETC.

#### CHAPTER XXVII.

##### TAKING REFUGE.

THERE was an instant's dead silence in the room. Then Philip put Mabel away from him—for she lay sobbing and trembling in his arms—and bent over the two figures lying on the floor.

There was a groan from Belmont.

"Help me up," he growled, savagely, "unless you wish to kill me outright."

Dick helped to raise him, and they laid him on the couch. Then Philip hastened to learn the extent of his injuries.

"It is nothing more than a flesh wound," he said, presently. "With the proper care, no evil results are to be apprehended."

Belmont muttered an oath; but Dick Dare-devil drew a deep breath of relief.

"I'm glad of that," he said, cold beads of sweat standing out on his forehead. "Murder is an ugly business. I'm not used to that sort of thing. I meant to stop the villain's little game, but I don't want his blood on my hands. God forbid."

"Bah!" sneered Belmont. "You're softer-hearted than I would have been in your place. But the power is all in your hands, just at present, curse you."

"Yes, the power is in our hands."

Dick helped to raise Mrs. Pratt as he spoke. A glass of wine stood on the mantel, and he poured a few drops of the red liquid between her lips.

She heaved a deep sigh, and slowly unclosed her eyes.

At the same instant, footsteps were heard to ascend the stairs.

Again Philip Jocelyn caught Mabel's half-fainting form in his arms.

"Quick!" he gasped. "Follow me, Dick. We must get out of this before our enemies are reinforced."

He sprang through the window with his precious burden, and darted down the balcony steps to the lawn, followed closely by Dick.

It is probable that Gilbert Belmont had no servants in the house on whose fidelity he could rely, for no opposition was offered to their departure—no pursuit made.

The two young men hurried as rapidly as Mabel's trembling limbs would permit—to the nearest house, where they hired a boy to drive them to the city.

When they were once safely ensconced in the rude farm-wagon which was their conveyance, Mabel related her simple story, sobbing like a child the while, for she felt very grateful because of Philip's opportune arrival.

"Take me at once to Woodlawn," she pleaded. "Let me face Mrs. Lauderdale and her husband together. Then, I am sure, we can come at the truth of what that wicked woman knows of me."

But Philip gravely shook his head.

"Where am I to remain during the interim?" she asked, presently.

"I will take you to some of my own friends where you can remain in safety."

At this point Dick interrupted them.

"You forget, Mr. Jocelyn," he said, "that it is very necessary for you, also, to lie *perdu* for the present. Your life or liberty, perhaps both, are threatened. I will go back to your old haunts, your enemies will know where to find you again."

"True."

There was a thoughtful silence, which Dick broke at last.

"I know a place which would afford a safe refuge for yourself as well as Miss Trevor."

Philip's face brightened. It was very pleasant to think of remaining several days under the same roof that sheltered Mabel.

"Where is it?" he asked, eagerly.

"A boarding-house in Canal street. I know the landlady well, and she can be trusted. You will not be compelled to come in contact with the other boarders unless you wish."

"Perhaps we had better go there until Mabel's spirits have recovered their usual tone."

And the master was thus decided.

They dismissed the driver while still a couple of squares from their destination, and continued their journey on foot. It was better to give Belmont no clue by which to trace them.

They were soon seated in a private room of the boarding-house in question.

Dick did most of the talking that was necessary.

"Mrs. Brown," he said, addressing the landlady, a square-jowled but not unkind-looking woman, "this young gentleman and lady are my friends. I have brought them here to you, and promised them your sympathy and protection."

"That was right, Dick," Mrs. Brown returned, heartily. "Anybody that you bring to this house is sure of a welcome."

Then, regarding the young couple somewhat curiously, she said:

"You are brother and sister, I suppose?"

"No," replied Mabel, blushing.

"No? Bless me! You can't be husband and wife?"

Mabel laughed disdainfully.

"No, no," blushing more vividly than ever.

"Ah! I understand. You are lovers, of course. So much the better. You shall have the best of every thing the house affords!"

"Please bear in mind, Mrs. Brown," put in Dick, "that they wish to remain very quiet for the present. In fact, they will see no company whatever."

The woman's eyes dilated a little; but she only answered:

"Of course."

"You have spare apartments where the necessary privacy can be secured? Circumstances compel them to seclude themselves for a brief season. In fact, the young lady has powerful enemies who seek her life."

Mrs. Brown's sympathies were thoroughly enlisted.

"I'm glad you brought the young lady here. Poor dear. I'd like to see the villain who would dare tear her away from my house!"

And the good woman shut her lips firmly together, thus giving emphasis to what she said.

"I must take leave of you for the present," said Dick. "Miss Mabel, have you no message to send to Julia?"

"Yes," cried Mabel, eagerly. "Tell her how grateful I am—how much I love her. Tell her, too, that I am praying for the day to come when I can repay her kindness."

Dick bowed low. This loving message to such a girl as Julia touched him as nothing else could have done.

"Heaven bless you, lady," he said, gently.

"If the time ever comes when Dick Dare-devil can do ought to serve you, you can reckon on the very last drop of blood in my veins."

He swung on his heel as he spoke, and in another minute, was gone.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

##### Poison!

In her luxuriously-furnished boudoir at Woodlawn sat Mrs. Lauderdale, dreaming her own wild dreams of increased wealth and power.

"All works well," she murmured, softly, to herself. "Mabel is dead, and Philip has been placed in such close confinement that it is out of his power to molest me or make any untoward discoveries. I am fortunate."

A sneering smile curled her full red lip as she thus soliloquized.

Ah, how different would have been her feelings had she known that Mabel was still living and Philip had escaped, and the two were only awaiting a fitting opportunity to confront her and expose her true character to the world!

At this moment a servant entered, bearing a soiled and greasy note on a silver salver.

"For me?" queried Mrs. Lauderdale, in real surprise.

"For madam," returned the polite servant, and departed.

Mrs. Lauderdale glanced sharply at the address, and seemed to recognize the hand, for a sudden pallor overspread her face.

"Richard!" she muttered; "or rather, Miles, as he chooses; to designate himself. What can he want of me, I wonder?"

She tore open the envelope. The inclosure was very brief, and read thus:

"I have found out all I can concerning the man on whose track you set me. But I don't feel disposed to come to Woodlawn to meet you. You had better come to me. I'll be at your service."

"Bring money, and plenty of it. I won't brook any stinginess on your part. You will find me at No. 33 Cherry street, this afternoon at four. I advise you to be on hand."

"Miles," Mrs. Lauderdale's face darkened ominously as she read this letter.

"I'll come, oh, never fear but that I'll come!" she said, in a low, hissing tone.

Her supple white hands began to twist about each other with a nervous movement which would have betrayed, even to a casual observer, how deeply the woman was moved.

"I have found out all I can concerning the man on whose track you set me. But I don't feel disposed to come to Woodlawn to meet you. You had better come to me. I'll be at your service."

"Bring money, and plenty of it. I won't brook any stinginess on your part. You will find me at No. 33 Cherry street, this afternoon at four. I advise you to be on hand."

"Miles," Mrs. Lauderdale's face darkened ominously as she read this letter.

"I'll come, oh, never fear but that I'll come!" she said, in a low, hissing tone.

She cowered before him, but did not answer.

"You have poisoned me!" he yelled, with his hand laid over his heart. "That wine was drugged!"

"Yes," she said, "it was drugged."

A volley of the most dreadful curses fell from his lips. A loaded pistol lay on the mantel, and he made a sudden bound for it.

But Mrs. Lauderdale had seen it, and was too quick for him. She snatched up the weapon and leveled it straight against his heart.

"You see I am prepared to defend myself," she said, a steely ring in her voice.

Miles stood still, glaring at her like some wild animal at bay. Presently he threw up both hands, with a sharp cry, and fell to the floor in strong convulsions.

The guilty woman leaned over him, laughing a horribly-mocking laugh. She knew that the deadly drug was doing its work.

"Meddling fool," she hissed, "you have received your just deserts. You will die alone here alone. There is nobody in the house to hear your cries. You will die alone and uncared for. You are doomed."

"You would have bled me, and worried and harassed the very life out of me. Sooner or later you would have exposed me to the world. Ah, I know you! But you are foiled. I can breathe again. You will die, and the secret of the past will die with you. Thank God for that—thank God for that!"

Then, without as much as a glance at the writhing form of her victim, she passed quickly from the room, slipping the bolt of the door into its socket as she passed out.

CHAPTER XXIX.

##### PREPARED THE GROUND.

PHILIP JOCELYN and Mabel, meanwhile, passed a few very happy days under Mrs. Brown's hump roof.

They were dreaming young love's blissful dreams, and of course the hours fled by as if silver-shod.

They were free from all molestation. Nobody visited them save Dick Dare-devil, and even he came rarely. Thus were thrown much together, and the interest they had felt for each other from the first grew and strengthened.

If Philip had felt any false pride drawing him away from the innocent and trusting girl at one time, he had now given it up forever.

True love makes all stations in life equal.

The young couple had very little to fear.

"And so you thought it best to keep the appointment I made?" he said, recognizing her instantly despite the thick veil she had thrown over her face. "It is well. Come in."

She followed him into a small, meagerly-furnished apartment at the back of the house.

"I suppose we are perfectly safe from intrusion?" she said, seating herself in one of the rush-bottomed chairs.

"Of course. You can lay aside your veil. There are only us two in the whole house."

"Ab!" starting a little. "But others may be coming in."

Miles laughed disdainfully.

As the days wore on, and Mabel Trevor

rapidly recovered her health and spirits, she began to grow impatient to go to Woodlawn and force Mrs. Lauderdale's guilty secret from her.

"This anxiety and uncertainty are very depressing," she said to Philip one day. "I am anxious to know the best or the worst, as soon as possible."

Philip did not confide to her his own suspicions. He thought it better to excite no hopes in her bosom that might not be realized.

"You shall go to Woodlawn to-morrow," he said. "And if Mrs. Lauderdale knows aught of your parentage, we will assuredly find means to make her divulge that knowledge."

Mabel looked thoughtful. "There is one woman who might, I think, be of material use to us in what we have to do," she said, at last.

"Who is that?"

"Mrs. Pratt."

Philip knew very well to whom she referred. "What?" he cried, with a start. "Is it possible that that woman is mixed up in your affairs?"

The young girl told him all that had transpired at Hedge Hall. He listened to the recital in real amazement.

"I think you are right," he said, thoughtfully. "That woman ought to accompany us to Woodlawn. And she shall! I will go for her early in the morning."

Mabel started and shuddered.

"Will it be safe?" she asked. "Remember that you have secret and powerful enemies."

"Those enemies will, I am sure, be put to flight the instant we enter the doors of Woodlawn," he said, with a singular smile. "Besides, I shall take a sufficient force with me, when I go to Hedge Hall, to guard against all evil."

"Mrs. Pratt may refuse to return with you."

"I do not think she will."

Mabel seemed not a little surprised at the positive tones in which he spoke.

"How can you feel so assured?" she asked.

"I know enough of

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"Little squaw chief, who bring presents from the Great Father over the water. The Six Nations obey her voice."

"I have heard of this woman before," said the president. "She seems to be the Indian agent of the English king. What bad she do to with the prisoner, chief?"

Black Eagle looked puzzled.

"I mean, had she any authority to take him from you?"

"Yes," said the chief, promptly. "Great paper, much big, big green seal of Great Father over the water. Take any thing. Seneeca say yes."

"And you gave him up to her? Did you make him promise any thing?"

"No," said Black Eagle. "Give him to Spy Queen. That all."

"That will do," said the president, gravely. "Mr. Barbour, have you any questions to ask?"

He looked a little disappointed, for he had expected to find Everard's words corroborated by the chief, and he sympathized with the former.

"Black Eagle," said Everard, in a shaking voice, "you say I made no promise to you. Did you know of my making any to one else, when I was left without a guard?"

The chief looked thoughtful.

"The mind of Black Eagle is dark," he said, finally. "He can not say to whom you promised."

"Do you know what I promised?" asked Everard, eagerly.

"Little chief promised not to run away, if the Senecas did not tie his hands and feet," said the chief, promptly.

The young officer gave a low sigh of relief.

"That is all I have to offer on that point," he said. "You see I was under parole?" And he sat down.

"May it please the court," said Captain Randolph, rising, "the prosecution submits that that is not enough. The prisoner has not proved that he was under parole to a recognized officer of the enemy. We do not wish to be hard on him, but such a weak defense for being found in the enemy's lines I never heard. If he has nothing more to offer, I move for judgment on the charge and specifications."

"I am not quite through," said Everard, sadly. "For what follows I have nothing but my own word to offer, to-day. Heaven may send the witness in time. Gentlemen, the day after Murphy, the ranger, left She-squin, I was released from my parole and escaped to Philadelphia. I am not at liberty to say how I was released, but I escaped and reported to General Arnold in Philadelphia, where I was seen by him and his wife—then Miss Slippen—and by a sergeant of my regiment who was in the adjutant's office, but who was killed last year with General Sullivan, at the Chemung. That very night, while copying papers for the General, I came across one of the letters from Major Andre to him, signed John Anderson, and a return of all our forces addressed to Sir Henry Clinton by his initials. While examining these and hardly believing my eyes, I was surprised by the General, who displayed great indignation, and ordered me to my room under arrest. Gentlemen, I was confused. You know how reluctant you all were to believe a brave soldier like General Arnold guilty of treason, and in my confusion I had surrendered into his hands the papers, so that I had no proof that my suspicions were true. While in this wavering state of mind I was served with charges in his own handwriting. The second charge was the same under which proceedings were afterward taken, which you have here. The first was for conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman in examining his papers, and that charge and specification, gentlemen, will prove to you that I must have been in Philadelphia on that night. That charge, gentlemen, in Arnold's writing, I have concealed next to me ever since, and here it is."

As he spoke he drew from his vest the soiled and worn paper containing those charges, which he had superstitiously preserved for two years. It produced a manifest effect in court.

A hush had fallen on the officers composing it, during the novel revelation made by our hero, and when he had finished, the paper was carefully examined by all present, and various muttered comments made upon it.

"Mr. Barbour," said the president, gravely, "as officers and gentlemen we may believe the truth of your statement, when as members of this court we are obliged to ask for more proof. It seems that all the witnesses to the fact of your being in Philadelphia are in the enemy's lines, and although the fact of those charges being in the handwriting of the traitor may explain much, it proves little. The statement is not sworn to, and Arnold is not here to be cross examined."

"I wish he was, General," said Everard, innocently.

"I echo the sentiment with all my heart," said the General, with emphasis.

"If ever we catch him—But to your case, sir. How do you account for being in New York, even admitting that you were in Philadelphia?"

"That very night, sir," said Everard, in a low tone, "while still confused and uncertain what to do, I was visited by my father."

"Indeed!" said the president; "and where is he now?"

"In the enemy's lines, sir," said Everard, still lower. "He is a Tory, and a secret agent of the enemy."

There was another hush. It was a hush of compassion for the son telling of his own father's disgrace.

"Go on, sir," said the president. "What happened?"

"My father," said Everard, "had been in correspondence and communication with Arnold for a long time, and knew him well, as he was. He pressed me to break my arrest and come with him to General Washington to state the truth of the case, and save my future career. Uncertain I was as if my General was not a traitor, I rashly broke arrest and fled with my father, believing fully that I was going up the river, toward Morristown. Instead of that I found that I was deceived when it was too late and I was out at sea. I was a prisoner on board a smuggler owned by Arnold and my father conjointly, and commanded by the latter. I found that I was trapped, and must soon be landed in New York. My father, an obstinate loyalist, had been endeavoring to win me to his side since the war began. Now he exulted in his work. Gentlemen, I can not blame him. He was as fully in earnest as I was. I saw that I was lost. If I landed in New York a

prisoner, I was still liable to be held a deserter, absent without leave. I had broken arrest. A traitor had put me under the arrest, truly. All the same, I had no proofs. I resolved to get those proofs at any hazard, and to that end joined the Queen's Rangers, pretending to desert. I got the proofs, sent them to General Washington, and he was carried to New York by a trick. Arnold was detected and Andre captured, the plot averted and West Point saved by my means, and now, gentlemen, act your pleasure. General Washington knows the last part of my story to be true. I have no proofs of the rest but my own word, now."

When Everard had finished, there was a whispered consultation among the members of the court. It was disturbed by a confused noise outside the windows, and Everard, who stood close to one, involuntarily glanced down. He saw a magnificent thoroughbred horse standing trembling before the door ready to fall, while the slight, delicate figure of a lady in a blue riding-habit was just springing off and running to the entrance door. He saw the sentry on duty cross his musket before her as if to forbid entrance, while a crowd of curious soldiers stood laughing by.

Then on a sudden they all shrank back, as the majestic form of the General-in-chief appeared on the steps, as if to inquire what was the matter. Washington spoke a few words to the sentry, and then advanced, with the stately courtesy which always distinguished him, offering his arm to the lady, to conduct her into the house.

Everard was recalled from the brief glimpse of this little drama by the voice of the president, who was saying:

"Mr. Barbour, have you nothing else to say in your defense, and no more witnesses to offer?"

"If I could offer my father, I might say 'yes,'" returned Everard. "But of what avail is it? Father can not testify for son, and he could, how could I get him?"

"In consideration of the hardship of your case," said the president, "we have about concluded, Mr. Barbour, to request the Commander-in-chief to send in a flag to New York, bearing a safe conduct for your father. Courts-martial are subject to no rules of evidence, such as obtain in criminal courts, and we are competent to judge of the credibility of testimony. If such is your desire, Mr. Barbour, we will send in now to the favor."

"General," said Everard, his eyes filling with tears, "you are too kind to me. I accept the offer with gratitude."

"Captain Randolph, give our compliments to General Washington, and make the request," said the president, kindly.

The Judge Advocate bowed and left the room.

When he was gone a silence fell on the party. Everard was in cruel suspense as to whether the request would be granted. It seemed an age to him ere he heard the returning footsteps of Randolph, and a return of all our forces addressed to Sir Henry Clinton by his initials. While examining these and hardly believing my eyes, I was surprised by the General, who displayed great indignation, and ordered me to my room under arrest. Gentlemen, I was confused. You know how reluctant you all were to believe a brave soldier like General Arnold guilty of treason, and in my confusion I had surrendered into his hands the papers, so that I had no proof that my suspicions were true. While in this wavering state of mind I was served with charges in his own handwriting. The second charge was the same under which proceedings were afterward taken, which you have here. The first was for conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman in examining his papers, and that charge and specification, gentlemen, will prove to you that I must have been in Philadelphia on that night. That charge, gentlemen, in Arnold's writing, I have concealed next to me ever since, and here it is."

Everard uttered a cry of mingled surprise and incredulity as he beheld the towering form of Washington, and leaning on his arm the well-known figure of Charlotte Lacy.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

### THE WITNESSES.

The whole of the court-martial rose at the announcement, and the members respectfully saluted the General.

"Gentlemen," said Washington, "you all know that it is not my custom in general to interfere with the proceedings of courts-martial. In the case now on trial, I have an extraordinary reason for the seeming breach of etiquette. The lady by my side has ridden all the way from Fort Lee, at full speed, putting herself absolutely in our power, for no other purpose than to testify on behalf of the young officer you are trying. Gentlemen, I have heard the story, and I believe that when you have heard it, you will acquit Mr. Barbour of desertion two years ago. As for his residence in New York, that has been fully accounted for by the great service and important intelligence he was the means of furnishing us, in consequence of the opportunities afforded him by his pretended position in the enemy's forces. Gentlemen, allow me to introduce to you Miss Charlotte Lacy, Chief of the British Secret Service in America, who has given herself up into our hands, to perform an act of justice."

The officers had listened in bewildered astonishment to the General's address, and when he had concluded, bowed low before the extreme beauty and grace of Charlotte Lacy.

"Indeed!" said the president; "and where is he now?"

"In the enemy's lines, sir," said Everard, still lower. "He is a Tory, and a secret agent of the enemy."

There was another hush. It was a hush of compassion for the son telling of his own father's disgrace.

"Go on, sir," said the president. "What happened?"

"My father," said Everard, "had been in correspondence and communication with Arnold for a long time, and knew him well, as he was. He pressed me to break my arrest and come with him to General Washington to state the truth of the case, and save my future career. Uncertain I was as if my General was not a traitor, I rashly broke arrest and fled with my father, believing fully that I was going up the river, toward Morristown. Instead of that I found that I was deceived when it was too late and I was out at sea. I was a prisoner on board a smuggler owned by Arnold and my father conjointly, and commanded by the latter. I found that I was trapped, and must soon be landed in New York. My father, an obstinate loyalist, had been endeavoring to win me to his side since the war began. Now he exulted in his work. Gentlemen, I can not blame him. He was as fully in earnest as I was. I saw that I was lost. If I landed in New York a

prisoner, I was still liable to be held a deserter, absent without leave. I had broken arrest. A traitor had put me under the arrest, truly. All the same, I had no proofs. I resolved to get those proofs at any hazard, and to that end joined the Queen's Rangers, pretending to desert. I got the proofs, sent them to General Washington, and he was carried to New York by a trick. Arnold was detected and Andre captured, the plot averted and West Point saved by my means, and now, gentlemen, act your pleasure. General Washington knows the last part of my story to be true. I have no proofs of the rest but my own word, now."

When Everard had finished, there was a whispered consultation among the members of the court. It was disturbed by a confused noise outside the windows, and Everard, who stood close to one, involuntarily glanced down. He saw a magnificent thoroughbred horse standing trembling before the door ready to fall, while the slight, delicate figure of a lady in a blue riding-habit was just springing off and running to the entrance door. He saw the sentry on duty cross his musket before her as if to forbid entrance, while a crowd of curious soldiers stood laughing by.

Then on a sudden they all shrank back, as the majestic form of the General-in-chief appeared on the steps, as if to inquire what was the matter. Washington spoke a few words to the sentry, and then advanced, with the stately courtesy which always distinguished him, offering his arm to the lady, to conduct her into the house.

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"Captain Randolph, give our compliments to General Washington, and make the request," said the president, kindly.

The Judge Advocate bowed and left the room.

When he was gone a silence fell on the party. Everard was in cruel suspense as to whether the request would be granted. It seemed an age to him ere he heard the returning footsteps of Randolph, and a return of all our forces addressed to Sir Henry Clinton by his initials. While examining these and hardly believing my eyes, I was surprised by the General, who displayed great indignation, and ordered me to my room under arrest. Gentlemen, I was confused. You know how reluctant you all were to believe a brave soldier like General Arnold guilty of treason, and in my confusion I had surrendered into his hands the papers, so that I had no proof that my suspicions were true. While in this wavering state of mind I was served with charges in his own handwriting. The second charge was the same under which proceedings were afterward taken, which you have here. The first was for conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman in examining his papers, and that charge and specification, gentlemen, will prove to you that I must have been in Philadelphia on that night. That charge, gentlemen, in Arnold's writing, I have concealed next to me ever since, and here it is."

Everard uttered a cry of mingled surprise and incredulity as he beheld the towering form of Washington, and leaning on his arm the well-known figure of Charlotte Lacy.

"Indeed!" said the president; "and where is he now?"

"In the enemy's lines, sir," said Everard, still lower. "He is a Tory, and a secret agent of the enemy."

There was another hush. It was a hush of compassion for the son telling of his own father's disgrace.

"Go on, sir," said the president

## THAT COMET.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

Confound these old star-gazers who predicted that the comet would lately drop upon the earth! As straight as any plummet, And when it did, it was a squash, O' sinistra at the stroke of noon, And send the atoms to the winds—  
The passengers to glory.

I borrowed money and I paid Each dollar I was owing; Those debts had never, never gone, Though they had long been going; My creditors were highly pleased, Their hearts were dim to soften, Who'd look my friend and I had the world Wond'ring to an end often.

I signed the confession pledge at once, Renounced my friend he wouldn't, And vowed for my remaining hours To lead a more prudent life.

I went and hastedly forgave The men that I was hating; I must admit to this last I was rather aggravating.

I vowed that I should tell the truth To the best of my power by it— A resolution hard to me to keep. Known best to those who try it.

Repent me of all the faults That I acknowledged having, And pardoned all the men for whom I had a judgment saving.

I went to those before whose eyes I had held up my hands to me To do them wrongs, and humbly asked Forgive me for my error. I gave my blessing to my friends, My old clothes to my neighbor, And sent my resignation in To you dear model paper.

But then it's always just like To so disappointed, The come of it come on time. Before its talk could be made I'm mad to think before my foes I should have been so humble, And then, I might have saved those debts I'll never cease to grumble.

## Before the Wedding-day.

A STORY OF OLD NEW YORK.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

The snow lay deep in the narrow streets of old New York, and the icy blast pene- trated the hearts of all who were abroad that dreary midwinter day.

At the window of one of the finest buildings that New York in 1800 could boast of sat a young girl whose countenance beamed with seraphic loveliness. She had just laid an antique but elegantly-bound book aside, and, with chin resting upon a dimpled hand, she gazed listlessly into the street.

The opening of a door and the entrance of a man failed to disturb her reverie, and not until his hands touched her shoulder was she aware of his presence.

"Maud Ashdyle, I am ashamed of you," said the man, whose silver hair gave him a venerable appearance. "Here you sit, upon the eve of your wedding, as unconcerned as though nothing were going to happen. Perhaps you were thinking of that Jack Hardy whose head, ere this, graces a mermaid's temple."

"Father, you are cruel," cried the girl, turning suddenly upon the old man, who regarded her with un pitying expression. "I love him—I can love none else."

"Pish!" he cried, with a sneer. "Two weeks after your marriage I could not convince you that such a graceless scamp as Jack Hardy ever existed. Come, girl, make good your word as becomes a woman. One year since you promised to wed Gilbert Craven unless Captain Hardy returned during the time just mentioned. The sea does not give up its dead. You know that I have searched for my missing ship—that my men have scoured every ocean, but not a clue to her fate has been discovered."

"Save the bottle," she said.

"Yes, I'd forgotten that. It was in his handwriting, you know, and when, against that evidence, you refused to believe him dead, I spent thousands of dollars searching for an impossibility."

"Father, I thank you," she said, gently taking his hand. "But, oh, spare me the sacrifice of the morrow. Would you have me give Gilbert Craven a hand without a heart?"

"As I have said, you will soon learn to love him," answered Gerald Ashdyle. "He is handsome, talented and winning, and loves you with all the strength of his manly nature."

"It all may be, father, but something tells me that poor Jack Hardy is not dead—that—"

"I will listen no longer to such idle talk," cried the old man, turning suddenly from the girl. "Prepare for the wedding, for to-morrow you become Mrs. Craven," and, as he slammed the door in her face, he murmured: "I have not plotted in vain. I am not to be baffled by the speculations of a weak woman. Don't I know that Jack Hardy is dead? Didn't I pay old Roscommon three thousand golden dollars, and give him the command of one of my best vessels, for tossing him overboard during a typhoon? Ah-ha! I, by proxy, rid the world of you, Jack Hardy, and conscience brands me not for the deed. Conscience! It's a myth, for were it not, I would feel its lashings."

Gerald Ashdyle's gray hairs did not prevent him from becoming a great criminal. He was the richest ship-owner in ancient Gotham. His vessels plowed the trackless wastes of every known sea on the globe, and gold flowed into his coffers like a molten stream.

Handsome Jack Hardy, as thorough a sailor as ever trod the decks of a merchant vessel, commanded the ship-owner's staunchest craft, and was Maud Ashdyle's accepted suitor. For a long time Gerald Ashdyle smiled upon his only daughter's choice, and heaped honors and gold upon the young man. He never dreamed, until Gilbert Craven crossed his path, that Maud had other lovers than the Sea Gull's comander.

Gilbert Craven was an aristocrat, while John Hardy made no pretensions beyond his humble station.

Willy the young parvenu wormed himself into Ashdyle's confidence, and supplanted his seafaring rival.

At length he broached a plot to Gerald Ashdyle, and what, a year since, the wealthy ship-owner would have spurned with contempt, he now seized with avidity.

One day the Sea Gull sailed from New York, and Maud Ashdyle looked in vain for her lover's return. Her father appeared exercised for the safety of the vessel, while he kept in his heart the secret that all this time the Sea Gull, newly painted and bearing a different name, was still upon the waves into whose merciless arms,

for his money, John Hardy had been hurled.

The MS. in the bottle was a forgery! A year passed away, and Gilbert Craven pressed his suit. Maud Ashdyle gently repulsed him, saying that Jack Hardy still lived, and would return some day. She hoped against hope, until her heart grew sick, and, at length, to rid herself of the opportunities of her father, she promised to wed Gilbert Craven, if another year rolled by without bringing Jack Hardy to her heart.

The allotted time passed, and the loved still remained from Maud's sight.

Yet, upon the eve of her wedding, she refused to believe her lover dead.

"I know Gilbert Craven," she said, when her passionate parent strode from the room. "Friends have seen him in the company of those who mighty fight the striped beast over the green cloth. And am I doomed to wed such a man? Were I to peremptorily refuse to become his bride on the morrow, with a father's curse I would be thrust from beneath the roof that has sheltered me through storm as well as sunshine; and oh! to think of being turned into the street at such a time!" and, as a gust of wintry wind shook the window, an icy shudder shot to Maud's heart.

Still seated at the window, she saw the somber shades gather on the snow, and, at length, she could not distinguish the forms that flitted over the white surface.

"To-morrow," she gasped, as she turned to her chamber. "The wedding will be as dreary as the night without. Oh, John! John! why sailed you on that fatal voyage?"

As the night advanced, the weather moderated, and the great gray clouds discharged their burden of snow.

Along the dock where lay Gerald Ashdyle's stately ships, paced a corpulent watchman, whose old-fashioned lantern threw a vivid glare far out upon the snow.

He did not mind the monster flakes, for a great overcoat protected his form, and the face that peeped from the collar owned a kind expression.

"Deary me, how it snows!" he exclaimed.

The old watchman rubbed his hands before the antique hearth, while his wife led Maud to a change of raiment.

Suddenly a cry passed Agnes' lips, and Job turned in his chair. He beheld his wife embracing Maud, and sobbing for joy.

"What's the matter, Agnes?" cried the old watchman, springing forward.

"At last! at last!" cried his wife, throwing back the faded sleeve that covered Maud's arm. "See, Job—our child—our Sylvanie!"

Job Hopelong's eyes fell upon a tattooed arrow on Maud's white flesh.

Another moment, and he folded her to his breast.

The long-lost one returned at last!

The following morning the watchman rung the bell of the ship-owner's mansion.

"Come in, Hopelong," cried Ashdyle, whose face was flushed with excitement.

"Maud, my child!"

"Your child?" cried old Job.

"My child! why do you ask?"

"She's mine!"

The ship-master shrunk back aghast.

"Come, sir, confess all," cried the watchman, following him up. "At your instigation my child—my Sylvanie—was abducted."

"Yes; but spare, oh, spare!" groaned Gerald Ashdyle.

"I spare, but, sir, confess to more of your villainy. I read it in your eyes. The Sea Gull was once the Sea Gull. You've lied to my child. Where's Jack Hardy?"

"Ask Roscommon."

"He killed him for your gold."

"He tossed him overboard during a typhoon off the coast of Madagascar. Spare me!"

"I will, God helping me," said Hopelong.

"He may live. I will wait another year, and, if he comes not, I will hand you over to the law. I will track you to the uttermost parts of the earth, should you fly thither."

Then he left the baffled ship-owner, and no wedding-guests entered Ashdyle's house that day.

When spring came with her birds and flowers, a ship arrived at New York, and from her deck sprung one who had sojourned

acquiring languages, and could readily translate most of the Bible into several Indian dialects. His own conduct, however, was frequently in strange contrast with the teachings of that holy book.

He next turns up as a hunter and trapper; when, in this capacity, he became more celebrated for his wild and daring adventures, than before he had been for his mild manners.

By many of his companions he was looked upon as a man who was partially insane.

Old Bill was a perfect enigma and terror to the Mexicans, who thought him possessed of evil spirit. He once settled for a short time in their midst and became a trader. Soon after he had established himself, he had a quarrel with some of his customers about his charges. He appeared to be instantly disgusted with the Mexicans, for he threw his small stock of goods into the street where he lived, set them on fire, and seized his rifle and started again for the mountains.

His knowledge of the country over which he had wandered was very extensive; but when Fremont put it to the test, he came very near losing his life by his guidance.

After bequeathing his name to several mountains, rivers and passes which were undoubtedly discovered by him, he was killed by the Comanches in 1850.

Another interesting anecdote of this eccentric man I copy from Van Tramp's "The West."

In describing the American Desert, the writer speaks of the long marches without water. These dry stretches are called by the Mexicans "Journadas," the literal meaning of the word being a journey. He says:

"On the journada of which I am about to speak, which is sometimes called the "Journada del Ninerio" (the journey of death,) the distance from one water-hole to another can not be less than eighty miles; and on account of the animals it is highly important that it should be traveled at once; to accomplish this we started about three o'clock in the afternoon, and reached the other side of the journada late in the morning of the following day, the greater part of the distance being gone over by moonlight.

Three days passed, and as the unfortunate enemies lay in the lodge of the old woman she dealt out to them a scanty supply of food and water. They besought her to release them, and offered her the most valuable bribes; but she held her tongue and remained faithful to her trust. It was now a morning of a pleasant day when an Indian boy called at the door of the old woman's lodge, and told her that he saw a party of their enemies on the other side of the mountains a few hours previous, and it was probable they were coming to the rescue of their fellowmen. She heard the intelligence in silence. Re-entering the lodge another appeal for pardon was made, and the prisoners were delighted to see a smile playing upon the countenance of their keeper. She told them she had relented, and promised that she would let them escape; but it must be on certain conditions. They were, first, to give into her hands what few personal effects they had left, and must depart at dead of night, and that they might not find their way back must consent to go blindfolded for two miles through a thick wood, into an open country, where she would release them.

The prisoners gladly consented, and as the hour of midnight approached it was accompanied by a heavy thunder-storm.

The night and the contemplated deed were admirably suited. She tied leather bands over the eyes of her captives, and having severed the thongs which fastened their feet, led them forth with hands still bound behind their backs. They were fastened to each other by tough withes, and were in this way led toward their promised freedom. Intricate, winding, tedious was their way; but not a murmur was heard or a word spoken. Now the strange procession reached a level spot of ground, and the prisoners began to step more freely. Now they have reached the precipice of Toccoa; and, as the woman walks to the very edge, she makes a sudden turn, and the blind captives are launched into the abyss below. A howl of savage triumph echoes through the air from the old woman-fie, and with the groans of the dying in her ears, and the lightning in her path, she retraces her steps to the lodge to seek repose, and on the morrow to proclaim her cruel deed.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 129.)

"I wish the winter would go; for then they'd transfer me to other duties than watching old Ashdyle's craft. It's lonely business, this, and were it not for an old woman down town, I'd leave it. I've watched these ships for night unto twenty winters—ever since some devil robbed Agnes and I of our little Sylvanie. The thought that I will meet our child again has kept me alive for many years; but I find myself tugging at my heart-strings, and soon they'll tick old Job Hopelong under the ground."

As he finished speaking, something white seemed to approach through the snow, and, as he gazed, it grew into a woman's form.

"What fair creature's out in such a storm?" muttered the old watchman; "and in her night-robe, too! My God, she's as pale as death!"

When tossed from the Sea Gull by Roscommon, who had met a violent death, the waves bore him to the island, where lonely he had dwelt so long.

Gerald Ashdyle drew a breath of relief when he heard of Hardy's safety, and shortly afterward left the city, to which he never returned. His death is involved in mystery. All his riches he bequeathed to Sylvanie, who soon became Mrs. Hardy.

Gilbert Craven, the originator of the foul conspiracy against Captain Hardy, met the doom he deserved in a gambling den, while light and happiness came back to the hearts of Job Hopelong and his old wife.

With the word, spoken in a loud, but kindly voice, his gloved hand touched her arm, and she opened her eyes, with a smile.

"God planted me here to save her," murmured the watchman; "for right yonder the ice is broken, and her feet are hurrying toward the fatal spot. Girl!"

"All may be, father, but something white is out in such a storm," replied the old watchman. "I'm old, and I'm crazy! Girl, you'll get your death here in the snow."

"Death before the morrow!" she cried, recollecting the fate in store for her the coming day.

The old watchman doffed his overcoat, and wrapped it around Maud's shivering form. Then deserting his seat, he lifted her in his arms, and bore her to his humble dwelling, not far from the dock.

"Here, Agnes," he said, throwing wide the low-browed door. "I've brought you

Gerald Ashdyle's girl, who walked with her eyes shut right into my arms. We must bid her, for she's telling me as how they want her to marry that young upstart of a Craven to-morrow. She shan't do it if I can help it, and, with your aid, I can."

Upon quitting the States, he traveled extensively among the various tribes of Indians throughout the far West, and adopted their manners and customs. Whenever he grew weary of one nation, he would go to another. To the missionaries he was very useful. He possessed the faculty of easily

acquiring languages, and could readily translate most of the Bible into several Indian dialects. His own conduct, however, was frequently in strange contrast with the teachings of that holy book.

He next turns up as a hunter and trapper; when, in this capacity, he became more celebrated for his wild and daring adventures, than before he had been for his mild manners.

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